

THE
MISTRESSE,
OR
SEVERAL COPIES
OF
LOVE-VERSES.

Written by Mr. A. Cowley,
In his Youth, and now since his
Death thought fit to be pub-
lished.

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

L O N D O N ,

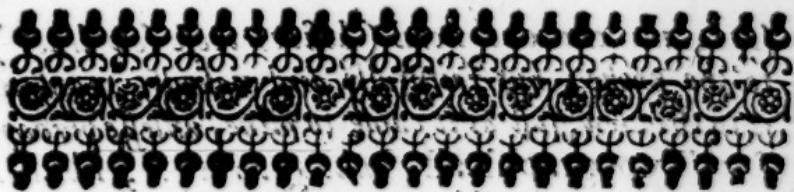
Printed for Rowland Reynolds at the
Sun and Bible in Postern-Street
near More-Gate, 1667.

THE
MISTRASS
OR
SEVERAL COPIES
OF
LOVE-PERSES.

Written by Mr. A. Cooper
In his Youth, say now since he
Died young to be but
fifteen

Has been published in New York.

London
Printed for Rivington & Dalmatoff at the
Sun and Stars in Pall-mall
Next White-gate, 1802.



To the Reader.



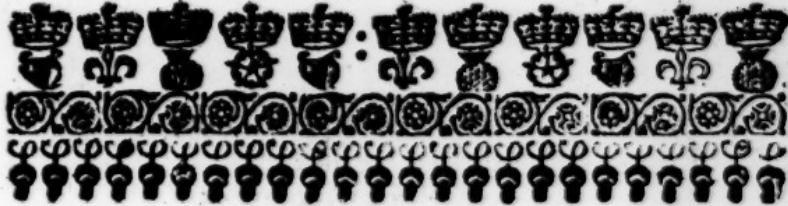
Correct Copy of these verses
and (as I am told) written
by the Authour himselfe, fal-
ling into my hands, I thought
fit to send to the Presse ; chiefe-
ly because I heare that the
same is like to bee done from a
more imperfect one. It is not my good fortune
to bee acquainted with the Authour any further
then his fame (by which hee is well knowne to
all Englishmen) and to that I am sure I shall
doe a service by this Publication : Not doubt-
ing but that, if these verses please his Mistresse
but halfe so well, as they will generally doe the
rest the world, hee will bee so well contented, as
to forgive at least this my boldnesse, which pro-
ceedes onely from my Love of Him, who will
gaine reputation, and of my Country, which will
receive delight from it. I shall use no more pre-

To the Reader.

face, nor ~~except~~ one word (besides these few lines) to the Booke; but faithfully and nakedly transmit it to thy view, just as it came to mine, unlesse perhaps some Typographicall faults get into it, which I will take care shall be as few as may be, and desire a pardon for them if there be any.

Farewell.

THE



THE
MISTRESSE,
OR
SEUERALL COPIES
OF
LOVE VERSES.

The Request.

I.



'Have often wisht to love ; what shall I doe ?
Me still the cruell Boy does spare ;
And a double taske must beare,
First to wooe him, & then a Mistresse too.
Come at last and strike for shame ;
If thou art any thing besides a name.
Ile thinke Thee else no God to bee ;
But Poets rather Gods, who first created Thee.'

THE MISTRES.

2.

I aske not one in whom all beauties flow,
 Let me but love, what ere she bee,
 Shee cannot seeme deform'd to mee ;
 And I would have her seeme to others so.
 Desire takes wings and strait does fly,
 It stayes not dully to inquire the why
 When I'me that thing a Lover growne.
 I shall not see with others Eyes, scarce with mine owne.

3.

If shee bee coy and scorne my noble fire,
 If her chill heart I cannot move,
 Why I'le enjoy the very Love,
 And make a Mistresse of mine owne Desire.
 Flames their most vigorous heat doe hold,
 And purest light, if compast round with cold :
 So when sharpe Winter meanes most harme,
 The spring Plants are by the Snow it selfe kept warme.

4.

But doe not touch my heart, and so be gone ;
 Strike depe thy burning arrowes in :
 Lukewarmenesse I account a sinne
 As great in Love, as in Religion.
 Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove
 All the extremities of mighty Love.
 Th' exceesse of heat is but a fable ;
 Wee know the torrid Zone is now found habitable.

Among

5.

Among the Woods and Forrests thou art found,
 There Bores and Lions thou doft tame ;
 Is not my heart a noble game ?
 Let Venus Men, and Beasts Diana wound.
 Thou doft the Birds thy Subjects make ;
 Thy nimble feathers doe their wings oretake :
 At every spring they chant thy praise ;
 Make me but love like them, I'le sing thee better laies.

6.

What service can mute Fishes doe to Thee ?
 Yet against them by Dart prevailes,
 Peircing the armour of their Scales ;
 And still thy sea-borne Mother lives i'th' Sea :
 Dost thou deny only to mee
 The no-great priviledge of Captivity ?
 I beg or challenge here thy Bow ;
 Either thy pitty to mee, or else thine anger show.

7.

Come; or I'le teach the world to scorne that Bow :
 I'le teach them thousand wholsome arts
 Both to refift and cure thy darts,
 More then thy skilfull Ovid ere did know.
 Musick of lighes thou shalt not heare,
 Nor drinke no more on wretched Lovers Teare :
 Nay, unlesse soone thou woundeft mee,
 My Veries shall not only wound, but murther Thee.

The Tbraldome.

I Came, I saw, and was undone ;
 The Lightning through my bones & marrow run ;
 A poynted paine pierc't deep my heart ;
 A swift, cold trembling seiz'd on every part ;
 My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
 The Poyson that was enter'd there.

2.

So a destroying Angells breath
 Blowes in the Plague, and with it hasty Death.
 Such was the paine, did so beginne
 To the poore wretch, when Legion entred in.
 Forgive me, God, I cri'd ; for I
 Flatter'd my selfe I was to dye.

3.

But quickly to my Cost I found,
 'Twas cruell Love not Death had made the wound.
 Death a more generous rage does use ;
 Quarter to all he conquers does refuse.
 Whilst Love with barbarous mercy saves
 The vanquisht lives to make them slaves.

4. I

4:

I am thy slave then; let me know,
 Hard Master, the great aske I have to doe:
 Who pride and scorne doe undergoe,
 In tempests and rough Seas thy Galleys row;
 Thy part, and groane, and figh, but finde
 Thy fighs encrease the angry windes.

5.

Like an Ægyptian Tyrant, some
 Thou weariest out, in building but a Tombe,
 Others with sad, and tedious art
 Labour i'the Quarries of a stony Heart;
 Of all the workes thou dost assigne
 To all the severall slaves of thine,
 Employ me, mighty Love, to digge the Mine.

The Given Lover.

1:

I'le on; for what should hinder me
 From Loving, and Enjoying Thee?
 Thou canst not those exceptions make,
 Which thin-sould,under-mortalls take;
 That my Fatc's too meane and low;
 'Twere pitty I should love thee so,
 If that dull cause could hinder me
 In Loving, and Enjoying thee.

2. It

2.

It does not me a whit displease,
 That the rich all honours seife ;
 That you all Titles make your owne,
 Are Valiant, Learned, Wife alone.
 But if you claim o're Women too
 The power which over men ye doe ;
 If you alone must Lovers bee ;
 For that, Sirs, you must pardon mee.

3.

Rather then loose what does so neare
 Concerne my Life, and Being here,
 I'lle some such crooked waies invent,
 As you, or your Foresathers went :
 I'lle flatter or oppose the King,
 Turne Puritan, or Any thing ;
 I'lle force my Mind to arts so new :
 Grow Rich, and Love as well as You.

4.

But rather thus let me remayne,
 As Man in Paradise did reigne ;
 When perfect Love did so agree
 With Innocence and Poverty.
Adam did no Joynture give,
 Himselfe was Joynture to his *Eve* :
 Untoucht with Av'arice yet or Pride,
 The Rib came freely back to his side.

5. A

THE MISTRES.

7

5.

A curse upon the man who taught
Women, that Love was to be bought ;
Rather dote onely on your Gold,
And that with greedy av'rice hold ;
For if Woman too submit
To that, and sell her selfe for it,
Fond Lover, you a Mistress have
Of her, that's but your Fellow slave.

6.

What should those Poets meane of old
That made their God to woe in God ?
Of all men sure They had no cause
To bind Love to such costly Lawes ;
And yet I scarcely blame them now ;
For who, alas, would not allow,
That Women should such gifts receive,
Could They themselves Be what They give.

7.

If thou, my Deare, Thy selfe shouldst prize,
Alas, what value would suffice ?
The Spaniard could not doe't, though hee
Should to both Indies joynture thee.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou shouldst any bargaine make ;
To give All will befit thee well ;
But not at Under-Rates to sell.

8. Bestow

A

8.

Bestow thy Beauty then on mee,
 Freely, as Nature gave't to Thee ;
 'Tis an exploded Popish thought
 To thinke that Heaven may be bought.
 Prayers, Hymns, & Prayses are the way ;
 And those my thankfull Muse shall pay ;
 The Body in my verse enstirin'd,
 Shall grow immortall as thy Minde.

9.

Plie fixe thy title next in fame
 To *Sacharissa* well-sung name.
 So faithfully will I declare
 What all thy wondrous beauties are,
 That when at the last great Assize
 All Women shall together rise,
 Men strait shall cast their eyes on Thee,
 And know at first that Thou art Shee.

The Spring.

I.

Though you be absent here, I needs must say,
 The Trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,
 As ever they were wont to be ;
 Nay the Birds rurall musicke too
 Is as Melodious and free,
 As if they sung to pleasure you :

I saw

THE MISTRES.

19

I saw a Rose But o'pe this morne ; I'le sware
The blushing Morning op'ned not more faire.

2.

How could it be so faire, and you away ?
How could the Trees be beauteous, Flowers so gay ?
Could they remember but last yeare,
How you did Them, They you delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And called their Fellowes to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vaine,
Creepe back into their silent Barkes againe.

3.

Where ere you walk'd, trees were as reverend made,
As when of old Gods dwelt in every shade.
Is't possible they should not know,
What losse of honour they sustaine,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retaine ?
Dull creatures ! 'tis not without cause that she,
Who fled the God of wit, was made a Tree.

4.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
When they rejoyc'd the Thracian verse to heare ;
In vaine did nature bid them stay
When Orpheus had his song begunne,
They calld their wondring rootes away
And bad them silent to him run.

How

How would those learned trees have followed you?
You would have drawne Them, and their Poet too.

5.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,
They are here the onely Faire, and Shine alone.

You did their Naturall Rights invade;
Where ever you did walke or sit,
The thickest Bowes could make no shade,
Although the Sunne had granted it:
The fairest Flowers could please noe more, neere you,
Then Painted flowers, set next to them, could doe.

6.

Whene're then you come hither, that shall bee
The time, which this to others is, to Mee.

The little joyes which here are now
The name of Panishments doe beare;
When by their sight they let us Know
How we deprived of greater are.
'Tis you the best of Seasons with you bring;
This is for Beasts, and that for Men the Spring.

Written in Iuyce of Lemon.

WHilst what I write I doe not see,
I dare thus even to you write Poetrie.

void

Ah

THE MISTRES.

II

Ah foolish muse, which dost so high aspire,
And knowest her judgement well
How much it does thy power excell,
Yet darst bee ready by, thy just doome, the Fire.

Alas, thou thinkest thy selfe secure,
Because thy forme is Innocent and Pure :
Like Hypocrites, which seeme unspotted here ;
But when they sadly come to dy,
And the last Fire their Truth must try,
Scrauld ore like thee, and blotted they appearre.

3.

Goe then, but reverently goe,
And, since thou needs must sinne, confess it too :
Confes't, and with humility cloath thy shame ;
For thou, who else must burned bee
An Heretick, if shee pardon thee,
Mays't like a Martyr then enjoy the Flame.

4.

But if her wisedome growe severe,
And suffer not her goodnesse to bee there ;
If her large mercyes cruelly it restraine,
Bee not discourag'd, but require
A more gentle Ordeall Fire,
And bid her by Loves Flames read it again.

5. Strange

5.

Strange power of heat, thou yet dost show
 Like winter earth, naked, or cloath'd with snow,
 But, as the quickning sunne approaching neare,

The Planets arise up by degrees,

A suddaine paint adornes the trees

And all kind Natures Characters appear;

6.

So, nothing yet in Thee is seene,
 But soone as Geniall heate warmes thee within,
 A new-borne Wood of various Lines there grows ;
 Here but an A, and there a B,
 Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
 And all the flourishing Letters stand in Rowes.

7.

Still, seely Paper, thou wilt thinke
 That all this might as well be writ with Inke.
 Oh no ; ther's sence in this, and Mysterie ;
 Thou now must change thy Authors name,
 And to Hand lay noble claim ;
 For as She Reads, she Makes the words in Thee.

8.

Yet if thine owne unworthiness
 Will still, that thou art mine, not Hers, confess ;
 Consume thy selfe with Fire before her Eyes,

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And

And so her Grace and Pitty move ;
 The Gods, though Beasts they do not Love,
 Yet like them when thei'r burnt in Sacrifice.

Inconstancy.

Five years ago (sayes story) I lov'd you,
 For which you call me most inconstant now ;
 Pardon me, Madam, you mistake the man ;
 For I am not the same that I was than ;
 No Flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,
 And that my mind is chang'd your selfe may see.
 The same Thoughts to retain still, and Intents
 Were more inconstant farre; for Accidents
 Must of all things most strangely Inconstant prove,
 If from one Subject they t'another move ;
 My Members then, the Father Members were
 From whence These take their birth, which now are here;
 If then this Body loye what th'other did,
 'Twere Incest, which by Nature is forbid.
 You might as well this Day inconstant name,
 Because the Weather is not still the same,
 That it was yesterday, or blame the Year ,
 'Cause the Spring Flowers, and Autumnne fruit does bear.
 The world's a Scene of Changes, and to be
 Constant, in Nature were Inconstancy :
 For 'twere to break the Laws her self has made ,
 Our Substances themselves do fleet, and fade ;
 The most fixt Being, still doth move and fly ,
 Swift as the Wings of time 'tis measur'd by.
 T'Imagine then that Love will never cease
 (Love which is but the Ornament of these)

Were quite as senselesse, as to wonder why
Beauty and Colour stayes not when we dye.

Not Faire.

Tis very true, I thought you once as faire ,
As women in the Idea are.
What ever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint Metaphor of Thee.
But then(me thoughts)there something shin'd within,
Which cast this Lustre o're thy skinne.
Nor could I choose but count it the Suns Light,
Which made this Cloud appear so bright.
But since I knew thy falsehood and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside :
A very Moore(me thinks)plac'd near to Thee,
White as his Teeth would seem to be.
So men (they say) by hells delusion led,
Have ta'ne a Succubus to their bed :
Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,
Till the cleft Foot discovers all :
Then they start from't, halfe Ghosts themselves with fear,
And Devill as,'tis, it does appear.
So since against my will I found Thee foul,
Deform'd and crooked in thy Soule ,
My Reason strait did to my Senses shew,
That they might be mistaken too :
Nay when the world but knowes how false you are ,
There's not a man will think you fair.
Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be ,
They'll call their Eyes as false as Thee.

Be what thou wilt; hate will present thee so,
As Puritans do the Pope, and Papists Luther do.

Platonick love.

1.

Indeed I must confess,
When Souls mix 'tis an happinesse :
But not compleat till Bodies too do joyne,
And both our Wholes into one Whole combin; ;
But halfe of Heaven the Soules in glory taſt,
Till by Love in Heaven at last,
Their Bodies too are plac't.

2.

In thy immortall part
Man, as well as I thou art.
But something 'tis that differs Thee and Me :
And we must one even in that difference be.
I Thee, both as a man, and woman prize :
For a perfect Love implies
Love in all Capacities.

3.

Can that for true love passe,
When a faire woman courts her glasse ?
Something unlike must in Loves likeness be,
His wonder is, one and Variety.

THE MISTRES.

For he, whose soule nought but a Soule can move,
 Does a new Narcissus prove,
 And his own Image love.

4.

That soules do beauty know ;
 'Tis to the Bodies help they owe ;
 If wh'n they ow't they strait abuse that trust,
 And shut the Body from't, 'tis as unjust,
 As if I brought my dearest friend to see
 My Mistresse, and at th' instant He
 Should steal her quite from Me.

The Change.

I.

Love in her sunny Eyes does basking play ;
 Love walks the pleasant Mazes of her Haire ,
 Love does on both her Lips for ever stray ;
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
 In all her outward parts Lov's alwaies seen :
 But, oh, He never went within.

2.

Within Loves foes, his greatest foes abide
 Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.
 So the Earths face, Trees, Herbs, and Flowers do dresse
 With other beauties numberlesse :

But

But at the Center, Darknesse is, and Hell ;
There wicked Spirits, and there the Damned dwell.

3.

With me alas quite contrary it fares ;
Darknesse and Death lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and Palenesse in my face appears,
And Grief and Fear Loves greatest enemies ;
But, like the Persian Tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud Count and ne're is seen.

4.

Oh take my Heart, and by what means you'l prove
Within too stor'd enough of Love :
Give me but Yours, I'le by that change so thrive,
That Love in all my parts shall live.
So powerfull is this Change, it render can
My outside Woman, and your inside Man.

Clad all in White.

Fairest thing that shines below,
Why in this robe dost thou appear ?
Wouldst thou a white most perfect show,
Thou must at all no garment wear :
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,
Then Winter when 'tis clad with Snow.

B 3

2. 'Tis

2.

Tis not the Linnen shewes so faire :
 Her skinne shines through, and makes it bright ;
 So Clouds themselves like Suns appear,
 When the Sun pierces them with Light.
 So Lillies in a glasse inclose,
 The Glasse will seeme as white as those.

3.

Thou now one heap of beauty art,
 Nought outwards, or within is foule ;
 Condensed beams make every part :
 Thy Body's cloathed like thy Soule.
 Thy soule which does it selfe display,
 Like a starre plac'd i'th the Milky way.

4.

Such robes the Saints departed wear,
 Wooven all with Light divine ;
 Such their exalted Bodies are,
 And with such full glory shine.
 But oh, they 'tend not mortalls pain :
 Men pray, I fear, to both in vaine.

5.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,
 My hopes will needs continue still ;
 Thou wouldst not take this garment sure,
 When thou hadst an intent to kill.

Of

Of Peace and yeelding who would doubt,
When the White Flags he sees hung out?

Leaving Me, and then loving many.

SO Men who once have cast the truth away,
Forsook by God, do strange wild lusts obey ;
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore
One Deity, could not stop at thousands more.
Their zeal was sencelesse straight, and boundlesse grown :
They worshipt many a Beast, and many a Stone.
Ah faire Apostle! couldst thou think to flee
From Truth and Goodnesse, yet keep Unity ?
I reign'd alone, and my blest Selfe could call
The Universall Monarch of her All.
Mine, mine her fair East-Indies were above,
Where those Suns rise that chear the world of Love ;
Where Beauties shine like gems of richest price :
Where Corall grows, and every breath is spice :
Mine too her rich West-Indies were below,
Where Mines of gold and treasures grow.
But as, when the Pellaean Conqueror di'd ,
Many small Princes did his Crown divide,
So since my Love has vanquisht world forsook ,
Murther'd by poisons from her falsehoods took,
An hundred petty Kings claim each their part,
And rend that glorious Empire of her Heart.

My Heart discovered.

Her body is so gently bright,
 Clear, and transparent to the sight,
 (Clear as fair Christall to the view,
 Yet soft as that, ere Stone it grew ;)
 That through her flesh, me thinks, is seen
 The brightest Soule that dwels within :
 Our eyes through th' radiant covering passe,
 And see that Lilly through its Glasie.
 I through her Breast, her Heart espy ,
 As Soules in hearts do Soules descry .
 I see't with gentle Motions beat ;
 I see light in't but find no heat.
 Within like Angels in the sky ,
 A thousand gilded thoughts do fly :
 Thoughts of bright and noblest kind ,
 Fair and chast, as Mother Minde .
 But oh, what other heart is there ,
 Which fights and crouds to hers so neer ?
 'Tis all on flame, and does like fire
 To that, as to it's Heaven aspire .
 The wounds are many in't and deep ;
 Still does it bleed, and still does weep ,
 Whose ever wretched Heart it be ,
 I cannot chuse but grieve to see :
 What pitty in my Breast does raigne ?
 Me thinks I feel all its pain .
 So torn and so defac'd it lies ,
 That it could neera be known by th' eyes :

But

But, Oh, at last I heard it groan,
 And knew by th' Voice that t'was mine owne :
 So poor Alcione, when she saw
 A shipwrackt body to wards her draw
 Beat by the waves, let fall a Tear,
 Which only then did Pitty wear :
 But when the Corps on shore were cast,
 Which she her husband found at last :
 What should the wretched widow do ?
 Grief chang'd her strait; away she flew,
 Turn'd to a Bird: and so at last shall I
 Both from my Murther'd Heart, and Murth'rer fly.

Answer to the Platonicks.

SO Angels love, so let them for me;
 When I'me alſ Soule, ſuchi ſhall my Love too be :
 Who nothing here but like a Sp'rit would do,
 In a ſhort time beleeve'twill be one too,
But ſhal our Love do what in Beasts we ſee ?
 Even Beasts eat too, but not ſo wel as We.
 And you as justly might in thirſt refufe,
 The uſe of Wine, because Beasts Water uſe,
 They taſt thoſe pleaſures as they do their food;
 Undreſt tſtey tak't, devour it raw and crude :
 But to us men, Love cooks it at his fire,
 And adds the poignant ſawce of ſharp deſire,
Beasts do the ſame, 'tis true: but antient fame
 Sayes, Gods themſelves turn'd Beasts to do the ſame.
 The Thunderer, who, without the female bed,
 Could Goddesses bring forth from out his head,

Chofe

Chose rather Mortals this way to create ;
 So much he 'steemd his pleasure , 'bove his state.
Ye talk of fires which shine, but never burn;
 In this cold world they'le hardly serve our turne :
 As uselesse despairing Lovers growne ,
 As Lambent flames, to men i'th Frigid Zone.
 The Sun does his pure fires on earth bestow
 With Nuptiall warmth, to bring forth things below ;
 Such is Loves noblest and divinest heat ,
 That warmes like his, and does like his beget.
 Lust you call this, a name to yours most just ,
 If an inordinate Desire be Lust :
 Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy ,
 More lustful was, then the hotyouth of Troy.

The vain Love.

*Loving one first because she could love no body ,
 Afterwards loving her with desire.*

WHAT new-found Witchcraft was in thee ,
 With thine own Cold to kindle Mee ?
 Strange art! like him that should devise
 To make a Burning-Glasse of Ice :
 When winter so the Plants would harme ,
 Her snow it selfe does keep them warme :
 Fool that I was! who having found
 A rich and Sunny Diamond ,
 Admir'd the hardnesse of the Stone :
 But not the light with which it shone :
 Your brave and haughty scorn of all
 Was stately, and Monarchicall.

All Gentlenesse with that esteen'd
A dull and slavish vertue seem'd :
Should you have yeeldeed then to me,
You had lost what most I lov'd in thee :
For who would serve one, whom he sees
That he can Conquer if he please ?
It far'd with me, as if a slave
In Triumph lead, that does perceive
With what a gay Majestick pride
His Conqueror through the streets does ride.
Should be contented with his woe,
Which makes up such a comely show.
I sought not from thee a returne,
But without Hopes or Fears did burn :
My covetous Passion did approve
The Hoarding up, not Use of Love.
My Love a kind of Dream was grown,
A Foolish but a Pleasant one :
From which I'me wakened now, but oh,
Prisoners to dy are wakened so.
For now my Fires and Wishes are
Nothing but Longings with Despair.
Despair, whose torments no men sure
But Lovers and the Damn'd endure.
Her scorn I doted once upon ,
Ill object for Affection.
But since, alas, too much 'tis prov'd
That yet 'twas something that I lov'd :
Now my desires are worse and flee
At an Impossibility :
Desires, which whilst so high they soare,
Are proud as that I lov'd before.
What lover can like me complain,
Who first lov'd vainly, next in vaine ?

The Soule.

I.

IF mine Eyes do ere declare
 They have seen a second thing that's fair :
 Or Ears that they have Musick found ,
 Besides thy Voice in any Sound ;
 If my tast do ever meet ,
 After thy Kisse with ought that's sweet ;
 If my abused Touch allow ,
 Ought to be smooth, or soft but You :
 If, what seasonable Springs ,
 Or the Eastern Summer brings ,
 Do my Smell perswade at all
 Ought Perfume; but thy Breath to call :
 If all my senses Objects be
 Not contracted into Thee ,
 And so through Thee more powerfull passe ,
 As Beams do through a Burning Glasse :
 If all things that in Nature are
 Either soft, or sweet, or fair ,
 Are not in thee so Epitomiz'd ,
 May I as worthlesse seem to Thee
 As all, but Thou, appears to Mee .

2.

If I ever Anger know
 Till some wrong be done to You ;

If Gods or Kings my Envy move,
Without their Crowns crown'd by thy Loves;
If ever I an hope admitt,
Without thy Image stamp't on it :
Or any fear till I begin
To find that You'r concern'd therein;
If a Joy ere come to Me,
That tafts of any thing but Thee:
If any Sorrow touch my Mind,
Whilst You are well and not unkind :
If I a minutes space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate :
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though ll the World My selfe and all :
And for Love; if ever I
Appear to it again so nigh,
As to allow a Toleration
To the least glimmering Inclination ;
If thou alone do not controule
All those Tyrants of my Soule,
And to thy Beauties tyeſt them ſo,
That conſtant they as Habits grow ;
If any Paſſion of my Heart,
By any force, or any art,
Be brought to move one ſtep from Thee,
Maſt Thou no Paſſion have for Mee.

3.

If my busie Imagination
Do not Thee in all things fashion :
So that all Fair Species be
Hycroglyphick marks of Thee;

If

If when She her sports does keep,
 (The lower Soule being all asleep)
 She play one Dream with all her art
 Where Thou hast not the longest part.
 If ought get place in my Remembrance
 Without some badge of thy resemblance,
 So that thy parts become to me
 A kind of Art of Memory :
 If my Understanding do
 Seek any Knowledge but of You
 If she do near thy Body prize
 Her Bodies of Philosophies,
 If She to the Will do show
 Ought desirable but You,
 Or if That would not rebell,
 Should she another Doctrine tell :
 If my Will do not resign
 All her Liberty to thine ;
 If she would not follow Thee,
 Though Fate and Thou shouldst disagree :
 And if (for I a curse will give,
 Such as shall force thee to believe)
 My soul be not entirely Thine,
 May thy dear Body ne're be Mine.

The Passions.

I.

From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free
 And all the Passions els that be,
 In vain I boast of Liberty,

In vain this States a Freedome call:
 Since I have Love, and Love is all :
 Sot that I am, who think it fit to bragge,
 That I have no Disease beside the Plague ?

2.

So in a zeale the Sons of Israel,
 Sometimes upon their Idols fell :
 And they depos'd the powers of Hell,
 Baal, and Astarte down they threw,
 And Accaron, and Molock too ;
 All this imperfect Piety did no good,
 Whilst yet alas the Calse of Bethel stood.

3.

Fondly I boast that I have drest my Vine
 With painfull Art, and that the wine
 Is of a taft rich and divine,
 Since love by mixing poyson there ,
 Has made it worse then vineger.
 Love even the taft of Nectar changes so ,
 That Gods chose rather water here below:

4.

Fear, Anger, hope, all passions else that be,
 Drive this one Tyrant out of Me.
 And practise all your Tyranny ;
 Thec hange of ils some good wil do ;
 Th'oppreſſed wretched Indians so ,
 Being floves by the great Spanish Monarch made,
 Call in the States of Holland to their aid.

Wifdome

Wisdome.

"**T**is mighty Wise that you would now be thought
 With your grave Rules frō musty Morals brought,
 Through which some streaks too of Div'nty ran,
 Partly of Monke, and partly Puritan :
 With tedious Repetitions too y'ave tane
 Often the name of Vanity in vain.
 Things which I take it, friend you'd nere recite,
 Should she I love, but say t'you, *Come at night.*
 The wisest King refus'd all pleasures quite,
 Till Wisdome from above did him enlight :
 But when that gifts his ignorance did remove ,
 Pleasures he chose and plac'd them all in Love;
 And if by event the counsels may be seen ,
 This wisdome 'twas that brought the Southern Queen.
 She came not like a good old Wife to know
 The wholesome nature of all plants that grow:
 Nor did so farre from her own Country come,
 To cure Scal'd heads, and broken shins at home :
 She came for that which more befits all VVives ,
 The art of Giving, not of Saving lives.

The Despair.

I.

Beneath this gloomy shade,
 By Nature only for my sorrows made,

I'le spend this voice in cries,
 In tears I'l wast these eyes
 By Love so vainly fed ;
So Lust of old the Deluge punished.
 Ah wretched youth, said I !
 Ah wretched youth ! twice did I sadly cry ;
 Ah wretched youth ! the fields and floods reply.

2.

When thoughts of Love I entertaine ,
 I meet no words, but *Never*, and *In vaine*.
Never (alas) that dreadfull name,
 Which fewells the infernall flame :
Never, my time to come must wast ;
In vaine, torments the present and the past.
 In vain, in vain! said I ;
 In vain, in vain ! twice did I sadly cry ;
 In vain, in vain, the fields and floods reply.

3.

No more shall fields or floods do so ;
 For I to shades more dark and silent go :
 All this worlds noise appears to me
 A dull ill-acted Comedy :
 No comfort to my wounded sight
 In the Suns busie and impert'nen Light.
 Then down I laid my head ;
 Down on cold earth, and for a while was dead :
 And my freed Soul to a strange Somewhere fled.

C

4. Ah

THE MISTRES.

4.

Ah sottish Soule ; said I :
 When back t'o his Cage again I saw it fly :
 Fool to resume his broken chain !
 And row his Galley here again !
 Fool to that body to returne ,
 Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn !
 Once dead, how can it be ,
 Death should a thing so pleasant seem to Thee ,
 That thou shouldest come to live it o're again in Meec ?

The Wifſ.

I.

Well then, I now do plainly see ,
 This busie world and I shall neare agree :
 The very honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy ,
 And they me thinks deserve my pity ,
 Who for it can endure the flings ,
 The Croud , and Buz , and Murmuring
 Of this great Hive , the City .

2.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave
 May I a small House , and large Garden have !
 And a few Friends , and many Books , both true ,

Both

THE MISTRESSE.

31

Both wise, and both delightfull too !
And since Love neer wil from me flee ,
A Mistresse moderately fair,
And good as Guardian Angels are ,
Onely beloved, and loving me .

3.

Oh, Founts! Oh, when in you shall I
My selfe, eas'd of unpeacefull thoughts, espy ?
Oh, Fields! Oh, Woods! when, shall I be made
The happy Tenant of your shade ?
Here's the spring head of Pleasures flood :
Here's wealthy Natures Treasury,
Where all the Riches lye that she
Has coin'd and stamp't for good .

4.

Pride and Ambition here ,
Onely in farre fetcht Metaphors appear :
Here nought but winds can hurtfull Murmurs scatter ,
And nought but echo flatter .
The Gods when they descended, hither
From heaven did alwaies choose their way ;
And therefore we may boldly say ,
That 'tis the way too thither .

5.

How happy here should I ,
And one dear She, live, and embracing dye ?
She who is al! the world, and can exclude
In desarts solitude .

C 2

I should then this only fear,
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should all come im'itate Mee,
 And so make a City here.

My Diet.

1.

Now by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,
 None loves you halfe so well as I :
 I do not ask your Love for this ,
 But for heavens sake believe me, or I dy.
 No Servant ere, but did deserve
 His Master should believe that he does serve ;
 And I'le ask no more wages, though I sterue.

2.

Tis no luxurious Diet this, and sure
 I shall not by't too lusty prove ;
 Yet shall it willingly endure,
 If't can but keep together Life and Love.
 Being your Prisoner and your slave
 I do not Feasts and Banquets look to have ,
 A little Bread and Water's all I crave.

3.

O'n a sigh of Pity I a yeer can live,
 One Tear will keep me twenty at least,

Fifty a gentle look will give ;
 An hundred years on one kind word I'le feast ;
 A thousand more will added be
 If you an Inclination have for Mee :
 And all beyond is vast Æternity.

The Thiefe.

I.

THou rob'st my Daies of businesse and delights,
 Of sleep thou rob'st my Nights :
 Ah lovely Thiefe, what wilt thou doe ?
 What? rob me of Heaven too ?
 Even in my prayers thou hauntest me ;
 And I, with wild Idolatry
 Begin to God, and end them all, to Thee.

2.

Is it a Sianne to Love, that it should thus
 Like an ill Conscience torture us ?
 What ere I do, where ere I go,
 (None Guiltlesse ere was haunted so)
 Still, still, me thinks thy face I view,
 And still thy shape does me pursue,
 As if, not you Mee, but I had murthered You.

3.

From books I strive some remedy to take,
 But thy Name all the Letters make ;

C 3

What

THE MISTRES.

What ere 'tis writ, I find that there,
Like Points and Comma's every where ;
Me blest for this let no man hold,
For I, as *Midas* did of old,
Perish by turning every thing to Gold.

S⁴ND Y⁴R

What do I seek, alas, or what do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly ?
For making thee my Deitie
I gave thee then Ubiquitie,
My paines resemble Hell in this ;
The divine presence there too is,
But to torment Men, not to give them blisse.

All over, Love.

I.

Tis well, 'tis well with them (say I)
Whose short liv'd Passions with themselves can dye:
For none can be unhappy, who
Midst all his ills a time does know
(Though nere so long) when he shall not be so.

I.

What ever parts of Me remain,
Those parts will still the Love of Thee retain ;
For 'twas not only in my Heart,

But

But like a God by powerfull Art,
 'Twas all in all, and all in every Part.

3.

My Affection no more perish can
 Then the first Matter that compounds a Man.
 Hereafter if one Dust of Me
 Mixt with anothers Substance be,
 'Twill Leaven that whole Lump with Love of Thee.

4.

Let Nature if she please disperse
 My Atoms over all the Universe,
 At the last they easily shall,
 Themselves know, and together call,
 For thy Love, like a Mark, is stamp'd on all.

Love and Life.

5.

Now sure, within this twelve-month past
 I have lov'd at least some twenty yeares or more :
 The account of Love runs much more fast
 Then that with which our Life does score :
 So though my Life be short, yet I may prove
 The great Methusalem of Love.

C 4

Nor

2.

Not that Loves Howers or Minutes are
 Shorter then those our Being's measured by :
 But they'r more close compacted farre,
 And so in lesser room do ly.
 Thin airy things extend themselves in space,
 Things solid take up little place.

3.

Yet Love, alas, and Life in mee
 Are not two severall things, but purely one,
 At once how can there in it be
 A double different Motion ?
 O yes, there may : for so the selfe same Sunne,
 At once does slow and swifly run.

4.

Swiftly his daily course he goes,
 And walks his Annuall with a statelier pace ;
 And does three hundred rounds enclose
 Within one yearly Circles space.

5.

When Soule does to my selfe referre,
 'Tis then my life, and does bnt slowly move ;
 But when it does relate to her,
 It swiftly flies, and then is love.
 Lov'e's my Diurnall course, divided right
 'Twixt Hope and Fear, my Day and Night.

The

The Bargain.

TAKE heed, take heed thou lovely Maid,
Not be by glittering ills betray'd;
Thy selfe for Mony? oh, let no man know
The Price of beauty falm so low!

What dangers oughtst thou not to dread,
When Love that's Blind, is by blind Fortune led?

2.
The foolish Indian that sells
His pretious Gold for beads and bells,
Does a more wise and gainfull traffick hold,
Then thou who sell'it by selfe for gold.
What gaines in such a bargain are?
Hee'le in thy Mines dig better Treasures farre.

3.

Can Gold, alas, with Thee compare?
The Sun that makes it's not so fair;
The Sun which can nor make nor ever see
A thing so beautifull as Thee
In all the journeys he does passe,
Though the Sea served him for a looking glasse.

Bold

4.

Bold was the wretch that cheapested Thee,
 Since Magus none so bold as he,
 Thou'rt so divine a thing, that Thee to buy,
 Is to be counted Simony ;
 Too dear he'll finde his sordid price,
 Ha's forfeited that, and the Benefice.

5.

If it be lawfull Thee to buy,
 Ther's none can pay that rate but I :
 Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
 But what on earth's most like to Thee.
 And that my Heart does only bear :
 For there Thy selfe, Thy very selfe is there.

6.

So much thy selfe does in me live,
 That when for it thy selfe I give,
 'Tis but to change that piece of Gold for this,
 Whose stampe and value equall is.
 Yet lest the weight be counted bad,
 My Soule and Body, two Grains more, I'll adde.

The

The long Life.

1.

L Ove from Times wings hath stolne the feathers sure,
 He has; and put them to his owne :
 For Howers of late as long as Daies endure ,
 And very Minutes How'rs are grown.

2.

The various Motions of the turning Year ,
 Belong ~~not now at all~~ to Mee :
 Each Summers Night does Lucies now appear ,
 Each Winter Day Saint Barnabie.

3.

How long a space since first I lov'd it is ?
 To look into a glasse I fear ;
 And am surpris'd with wonder when I miss ,
 Grey haire and wrinkles there.

4.

Th'old Patriarchs age and not their happiness too
 Why does hard fate to us restore ?
 Why does Loves Fire thus to Mankind renew ,
 What the Flood wafht away before ?

5. Sure

5.

Sure those are happy people that complain,
 O' the shortnesse of the daies of Man :
 Contract mine, Heaven, and bring them back again
 To th' ordinary Span.

6.

If when your gift, long Life, I disapprove,
 I too ingratefull seem to be ;
 Punish me justly, heaven : make Her to love,
 And then t'will be too short for Mee.

Councell.

1.

GEntly, ah gently, Madam touch
 The wound, which you your selfe have made ;
 That pain must needs be very much ,
 Which makes me of your hand affraid.
 Cordialls of pitty give me now,
 For I too weak for Purgings grow.

2.

Doe but a while with patience stay ;
 For Counsell yet will do no good,

T

Till Time, and Rest, and Heaven allay,
The vi'olent burnings of my blood,
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men drunk, for being so?

3.

Perhaps the Physick's good you give
But nere to me can usefull prove:
Med'cines may Cure, but not Revive;
And I'me not Sick, but Dead in Love,
In Loves Hell, not his World, am I;
At once I Live, am Dead, and Dy.

4.

What new found Rhetorick is thine?
Even thy Diffwassions me perswade,
And thy great power does clearest shine,
When thy Commands are disobeyed.
In vain thou bidst me to forbear;
Obedience were Rebellion here.

5.

Thy Tongue comes in as if it meant
Against thine Eyes t'afflict my Heart;
But different farre was his intent:
For strait the Traitor took their part.
And by this new foe Ime bereft
Of all that Little which was left.

6. The

The act I must confess was wise,
 As a dishonest act could be :
 Well knew the Tongue (alas) your Eyes
 Would be too strong for That, and Mee.
 And part o'the Triumph chose to get,
 Rather then be a part of it.

Resolved to be beloved.

1.

TIS true, I have lov'd already three or four,
 And shall three or four hundred more :
 I'le love each fair one that I see,
 Till I finde one at last that shall love Mee.

2.

That shall my Canaan be, the fatall soile ,
 That ends my wandrings, and my toile.
 Ile settle there and happy grow ;
 The Country does with Milk and Honey flow.

3.

The Needle trembles so, and turnes about :
 Till it the Northern point find out :

But

But constant then and fixt does prove,
Fixt, that his dearest Pole as soon may move.

4.

Then may my Vessell torn and shipwrackt be,
If it put forth again to Sea :
It never more abroad shall come,
Though't could next voyage bring the Indies home.

5.

But I must sweat in Love, and labour yet,
Till I a Competency get.
They're slothfull fools who leave a Trade,
Till they a moderate Fortune by't have made.

6.

Variety I ask not ; give me One
To live perpetually upon.
The person Love does to us fit,
Like Manna, hath the Tast of all in it.

The same.

I.

FOR Heavens sake what d' you mean to do?
Keep me or let me go, one of the two ;
Youth and warm hours let me not idely loose,
The little Time that Love does choose ;

If alwaies here I must not stay,
Let me be gone whilst yet 'tis day;
Left I faint and benighted lose my way.

2.

'Tis dismall, One so long to love
In vaine, till to love more as vain must prove:
To hunt so long one nimble prey, till wee
Too weary to take other's be;
Alas 'tis folly to remain,
And wast our Army thus in vain,
Before a City, which will ne're be tane.

3.

At severall hopes wisely to fly,
Ought not to be esteem'd Inconstancy:
Tis more Inconstant alwaies to pursue
A thing that alwaies flyes from you;
For that at last may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found,
Tis nought but a perpetuall fruidesse Round.

4.

When it does Hardnesse meet and Pride,
My Love does then rebound t'another side:
But if it ought that's soft and yeelding hit;
It lodges there, and stayes in it.
What ever t'is shall first love mee,
That it my Heav'n may truly be;
I shall be sure to give't Eternity.

The Discovery.

1.

BY Heaven I'le tell her boldly that 'tis Shee ;
 Why should Shee ashamed or angry bee,
 To be belov'd by Mee ?
 The Gods may give their Altars o're ;
 They'l smoak but seldom any more,
 If none but Happy Men must them adore.

2.

The Lightning, which tall Oakes oppose in vain,
 To strike sometimes does not disdain,
 The humble Furzes of the Plain.
 She being so high, and I so low,
 Her power by this doth greater show,
 Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

3.

Compar'd with her all things so worthlesse prove,
 That nought on earth can towards her move
 Till't be exalted by her Love.
 Equall to her, alas, ther's none ;
 She like a Deity is growne :
 That must Create, or else must be alone.

D

4. If

If there be man who thinks himself so high,
 As to pretend æquality,
 He deserves her lesse, then I ;
 For he would cheat for his reliefe ;
 And one would give with lesser grief
 To an undeserving Beggar, than a Thief,

Against Fruition.

NO; thou'rt a fool, I'le swear, if ere thou grant :
 Much of my Veneration thou must want,
 Whence once thy kindnesse puts my Ignorance out
 For a learn'd Age is alwaies least devout.
 Keep still thy distance; for at once to me
 Goddesse and Woman too, thou canst not be ;
 Thou'rt Queen of all that sees thee; and as such
 Must neither Tyrannize, nor yeeld to much ;
 Such freedome give as may admit command ,
 But keep the Forts, and Magazines in thine hand.
 Thou'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill
 My large ambition; but 'tis dang'rous still ,
 Lest I like the Pellæan Prince should be,
 And weep for other worlds hav'ng conquerd thee ;
 When Love has taken all thou haft away,
 His strength by too much riches will decay.
 Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand ,
 Then Women can be plac'd by Natures hand ;
 And I must needs, I'me sure , a loser be ,
 To change Thee, as Thou'rt there, for very Thee.

Thy

Thy sweetnesse is so much within me plac'd,
 That shouldest thou Nectar give't would spoile the tast,
 Beauty at first moves wonder and delight ;
 'Tis Natures Jugling trick to cheat the sight ,
 Wee'admire it, whilst unknown, but after more
 Admire our selves, for liking it before.
 Love, like a greedy Hawke, if we give way,
 Does over-gorge himself, with his cwn Prey ;
 Of very hopes a surfeit he'le sustain ,
 Unlesse by fears he cast them up again.
 His spirit and sweetnesse dangers keep alone ;
 If once he lose his sting he growes a Drone.

Love undiscovered.

1.

Others may with safety tell
 The moderate Flames which in them dwell ;
 And either find some Med'cin there ,
 Or cure themselves even by Despair ;
 My Love's so great that it might prove
 Dangerous to tell her that I Love.
 So tender is my wound, it must not bear
 Any salute though of the kindest aire.

2.

I would not have her know the pain,
 The Torments for her I sustain.
 Lest too much goodness make her throw
 Her Love upon a Fate too low.

Forbid it Heaven my Life should be
 Weigh'd with her least Conveniences;
 No: let me perish rather with my grief,
 Then to her disadvantage find relief.

3.

Yet when I dye my last breath shall
 Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.
 Like covetous men who nere discry
 Their deare hid Treasures till they dye.
 Ah fairest Mayd, how should it chear
 My Ghost, to get from Thee a Tear!
 But take heed: for if me thou Pittiest then,
 Twenty to one but I shall live again.

The given Heart.

I.

I Wonder what those Lovers mean, who say
 They have given their Hearts away.
 Some good kind Lover, tell me how;
 For mine is but a Torment to me now.

2.

If so it be, one place both hearts contain,
 For what do they complain?
 What courtesie can Love do more,
 Then joyne Hearts, that parted were before?

3.

Woe to her stubborn Heart, if once mine come
 Into the selfe same roome ;
 'Twill tear and blow up all within ,]
 Like a Granado shot into a Magazin.

4.

Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts,
 Of both our broken Hearts ;
 Shall out of both one new one make
 From hers, th'Allay, from mine the Mettall take.

5.

For of her heart, he from the Flames will find
 But little left behind :
 Mine only will remain entire ;
 No drosse was there, to perish in the Fire.

The Propbet.

1.

T Each me to Love ? go teach thy selfe more witt ;
 I chief Professour am of it.
 Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews ,
 Teach boldnesse to the Stews ,

D 3

In

In Tyrants Courts teach supple flattery,
Teach Sophisters and Jesuites to lye.

Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,
Teach restlesse fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull earth fixt to abide,
Teach Women kind, Inconstancy and Pride,
See if your diligence here will usefull prove;
But, neither, teach not me to Love.

2.

The God of Love, if such a thing there be,

May learn to love from Mee.

He who does boast that he has bin

In every Heart since Adams sinne,

Ile lay my Life, my Mrs. on't, that's more;

Ile teach him things he never knew before:

Ile teach him a Receipt to make

Tears, which shall understand, and speak:

Ile teach him Sighes, like those in Death,

At which the Soule goes out too with the breath,

Still the Soule stayes, yet still does from me runne:

As light and heat does with the Sun.

3.

'Tis I who Loves Columbus aim; tis I:

Who must new Worlds in it descry.

Rich Worlds that yield of Treasure more,

Than all that has been known before.

And yet like his (I fear) my Fate must be,

To find them out for others, not for Me,

Mee times to come, I know it, shall

Love

Loves last and greatest Prophet call.
 But, ah, what's this, if she refuse,
 To hear the wholesome Doctrines of my Muse?
 If to my share the Prophets Fate must come.
 Hereafter Famine, here Martyrdome.

The Resolution.

I.

THe Devill take those foolish men,
 Who gave you first such powers;
 Wee stood on even grounds till then,
 If any odds, Creation made it ours.

2.

For shame let these weak chaines be broke;
 Lets our slight bonds like Sampson tear;
 And nobly cast away that yoake,
 Which we nor our Forefathers ere could bear.

3.

French Lawes forbid the female Reign,
 Yet Love does them to slavery draw,
 Alas, if wee'l e our rights maintain.
 Tis all Mankind must make a Salique Law.

D 4*Called*

Called Inconstant.

1.

HA! ha! you think y'have kill'd my fame ;
 By this not understood, yet common Name ;
 A Name, that's full and proper when assigned
 To Womankind :
 But when you call us so,
 It can at best but for a Metaphor go.

2.

Can you the shore Inconstant call,
 Which still as Waves passe by, embraces all ?
 That had as leife the same waves alwaies love,
 Did they not from him move ?
 Or can you faults with Pilots finde
 For changing course, yet never blame the wind ?

3.

Since drunk with vanity you fell :
 The things turne round to you that stedfast dwell ;
 And you y our selfe who from us take your flight
 Wonder to find us out of sight.
 So the same errour ceazes you
 As men in motion think the Trees move too.

The

The Welcome.

I.

O, let the fatted Calfe be kill'd ;
My Prodigall's come home at laſt :
With noble resolutions fill'd,

And fill'd with ſorrow for the paſt.

No more will burn with Love or Wine :
But quiet has left his Women, and his Swine.

2.

Welcome, ah; welcome my poor Heart ;
Welcome: I little thought, I'le ſwear,
('Tis now ſo long ſince we did part)

Ever again to ſee thee here :

Dear wanderer, ſince from me you fled ,
How often have I heard that you were dead.

3.

Hadſt thou found each woman's breast
(The Lands where thou haſt travelled)
Either by Savages poſſeſt ,
Or wild, and uninhabited ?
What joy couldſt take, or what repoſe
In Countries ſo unciviliz'd as thoſe ?

4. Lust

4.

Lust the scorching Dog-starre here
 Rages with immoderate heat ;
 Whilst Pride the rugged Northern Bear,
 In others makes the cold too great.
 And where these are temperate known,
 The Soil's all barren Land, or rocky Stone,

5.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
 A rich, well-govern'd Heart ,
 Like China, it admitted you
 But to the Frontiere-part.
 From Paradise shut for evermore,
 What good is't that an angell shut the Door ?

6.

Welfare the Pride and the Disdain
 And Vanities with Beauty joyn'd,
 I ne're had seen this Heart again ,
 If any Faire one had been kind;
 My Dove, but once let loose, I doubt
 Would ne're returne had not the Flood been out.

The

The Heart fled again.

1.

False foolish Heart, didst thou not say
 That thou wouldest never leave me more ?
 Behold again 'tis fled away ;
 Fled as farre from me as before.
 I strove to bring it again,
 I cryed and hollowed after it in vain.

2.

Even so the gentle Tyrian Dame,
 When neither Grief nor Love prevail,
 Saw the dear object of her flame
 Th'ingratfull Trojan hoist his sail
 Aloud she call'd to him to stay ;
 The wind bore him and her lost words away.

3.

The dolefull Ariadne so,
 On the wide shore forsaken stood :
 False *Theſeus*, whither doſt thou go ?
 A faire false *Theſeus* cut the flood.
 But *Bacchus* came to her relieve ;
Bacchus himſelfe's too weak to eafe my griefe.

4. And

4.

Ah sencelesse Heart to take no rest,
 But travail thus eternally !
 Thus to be frozen in every brest !
 And to be scorcht in every Eye !
 Wandring about like wretched *Caine* ;
 Thrust out, ill us'd by all, but by none slaine !

5.

Well, since thou wilt not here remaine ,
 I'le even to live without Thee try ;
 My Head shall take the greater pain ,
 And all thy duties shall supply ;
 I can more easly live I know
 Without Thee, then without a Mistris thou .

Womens Superftition.

I.

OR I'me a very Dunce, or Woman-kinde
 Is a most unintelligible thing :
 I can no Sence, nor no Contexture finde,
 Nor their loose parts to Method bring ,
 I know not what the Learn'd may see ,
 But they'r strange Hebrew things to Me .

2. By

2.

By Customes and Traditions they live,
And foolish Ceremonies of antick date
We Lovers, new and better Doctrines give.

Yet they continue obstinate
Preach we, Loves Prophets, what we will,
Like Jews they keep their old Law still.

3.

Before their Mothers Gods they fondly fall,
Vain Idoll Gods, that have no Sence nor Minde :
Honours their Ashtaroth, and Pride their Baal,
The Thundring Baal of Woman-kind.
With twenty other Devills more,
Which They, as we do Them, adore.

4.

But then like Men, both Covetous and Devout,
Their costly Superstition loath t'omit ,
And yet more loath to issue Moneys out,
At their own charge to furnish it.
To these expensive Deities
The Hearts of men they sacrifice.

The

The Soule.

I.

SOME dull Philosopher when he hears me say,
My Soule is from me fled away.
Nor has of late inform'd my Body here,
But in another's breast does lye,
That neither is nor wil be I,
As a Form Servient, and Assisting there.

2.

Will cry, Absurd! and ask me how I live:
And Syllogismes against it give;
A curse on all your vain Philosophies,
Which on weak Natures Law depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and Religion, those great Mysteries.

3.

Her Body is my Soule; laugh not at this,
For by my life I swear it is.
'Tis that preserves my Being and my Breath,
From that proceeds all that I doe,
Nay all my thoughts and speeches too,
And separation from it is my Death.

Eccbo.

Eccbo.

1.

TRYed with the rough denials of my prayer,
From that hard she whom I obey,
I come in and find a Nymph much gentler here,
That gives consent to all I say:
Ah gentle Nymph, who lik'st so well,
In hollow, solitary Caves to dwell.
Her Heart being such, into it go,
And do but once from thence answer me so.

2.

Complaisant Nymph, who dost thus kindly share,
In griefs whose cause thou dost not know!
Hadst thou but Eyes, as well as Tongue and Eare,
How much compassion wouldst thou show!
Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,
Was of leffe beauty, and leffe ravishing power;
Alas I might as easilie,
Paint thee to her, as describe Her to Thee.

3.

By repercussion Beams engender Fire,
Shapes by reflexion shapes beget,

The

The voice it selfe, when stopt, does back retire
 And a new voice is made by it.
 Thus things by opposition
 The gainers grow; my barren Love alone,
 Does from her stony breast rebound
 Producing neither Image, Fire, nor Sound.

The rich Rival.

1.

They say you're angry and rant mightily,
 Because I love the same as you;
 Alas! you're very rich, 'tis true;
 But prithee Foole what's that to Love, and Mee?
 You have Land and Money, let that serve,
 And know you have more by that then you deserve.

2.

When next I see my fair One, we shall know,
 How worthlesse thou art of her bed?
 And wretch, Ile strike thee dumbe and dead;
 With noble verse not understood by you;
 Whilst thy sole Rhetorick shall be
 Joynture, and Jewells, and Our Friends agree.

3.

Pox o'your friends that dote and Domincere:
 Lovers are better friends then they:
 Let's those in other things obey,

Th:

The Fates, and Starres, and Gods must govern here.

Vain names of Blood ! in Love let none
Advise with any Blood, but with their owne.

4.

'Tis that which bids me this bright Maid adore ;
No other thought has had accessse !
Did she now begg I'de love do lefft ;
And were she an Empresse I should love no more ;
Were she as just and true to Mee,
Ah, simple soule, what would become of Thee ?

Against Hope.

1.

Hope whose weak Being ruin'd is ,
Alike if it succeed, and if it misse ;
Whom Good, or Ill does equally confound ,
And both the Hornes of Fates Dilemma wound !
Vain shadow, which dost vanish quite
Both at full Noon, and perfect Night !
The Starres have not a possibility
Of blessing Thee ;
If things then from their End we happy call ,
'Tis Hope is the most hopelesse thing of all ;

E

2. Hope

2.

Hope thou bold Taster of Delight,
 Who whilst thou shouldest but tast, devour'st it quite!
 Thou bringst us an Estate, yet leav'st us Poor,
 By clogging it with Legacies before!

The Joyes which we entire should wed,
 Come deflour'd Virgins to our bed;
 Good fortunes without gain imported be,
 Such mighty Customes paid to Thee.
 For Joy, like Wine, kept close, does better tast,
 If it take air, before his spirits waft.

3.

Hope, Fortunes cheating Lotterie!
 Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
 Fond Archer, Hope, who tak'st thy aime so farre,
 That still or short or wide thine arrowes are!

Thin, empty Cloud, which th'eye deceives
 With shapes that our owne Fancie gives!
 A Cloud, which guilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in tears!
 When thy false beams ore Reasons light prevale
 By *Ignes fatus* for North Starres we faile.

4.

Brother of Fear, more gaily clad!
 The merrier Foole ot'h two, yet quite as mad:
 Sire of Repentance, Child of fond Desire!
 That blows the Chymicks, and the Lovers fire!

Leading

Leading them still insensibly on
By the strong witchcraft of Anon !
By Thee the one does changing Nature through
Her endlesse Labyrinths pursue,
And th' other chases Woman, whilst She goes
More waies and turnes then hunted Nature knowes.

For Hope.

I.

H Ope, of all Ills that men endure ,
The only cheap and universall Cure !
Thou Captiv's Freedom, and thou sick-Mans Health !
Thou Losers Victory, and thou Beggars wealth !
Thou Marina, which from Heaven we eat ,
To every tast a severall Meat !
Thou strong Retreat ! thou sure entail'd Estate ,
Which nought has power to alienate !
Thou pleasant, honest, Flatterer ! for none
Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone !

2.

Hope, thou first Fruits of Happinesse !
Thou gentle Downing of a bright Successe !
Thou good Preparative, without which our Joy
Does work too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy ;
Who out of Fortunes reach dost stand
And art a blessing still in hand !
Whilst Thee, her Earnest Money we retain ,
We certain are to gaine,

THE MISTRES.

Whether she her bargain break, or else fulfill
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill !

Brother of Faith, 'twixt whom and Thee
The joyes of Heaven and Earth divided be !
Though Faith be Heire, and have the fixt estate,
Thy Portion yet in Movables is great.

Happineſſe it ſelfe's all one
In Thee, or in Possession !
Only the Futures Thine, the Present His !

Thine's the more hard and noble bliſſe,
But apprehender of our joy es, which haſt
So long a reach, and yet canſt hold ſo fast !

4.

Hope thou ſad Lovers only Friend !
Thou Way that mayſt diſpute it with the End !
For Love I fear's a fruit that doſt delight
The taſt it ſelfe leſſe then the Smell and fight.

Fruition more deceiptfull is
Then Thou canſt be, when thou doſt miſſe ;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and ſtraiſt flee
Some other way again to Thee ;
And that's a pleasant Country, without doubt ,
To which all ſoon returne that traualle out.

Loves

Loves Ingratitude.

1.

I Little thought, thou fond ingratefull Sinne,
 When first I let thee in,
 And gave thee but a part
 In my unwary Heart,
 That thou wouldest ere have grown,
 So false or strong to make it all thine owne.

2.

At mine own brest with care I fed thee still,
 Letting thee suck thy fill,
 And daintily I nourisht Thee
 With Idle thoughts and Poetrie !
 What ill returnes dost thou allow ?
 I fed thee then, and thou dost sterue me now.

3.

There was a time when thou wast cold and chill,
 Nor hadst the power of doing ill ;
 Into my bosome did I take,
 This frozen and benummed Snake,
 Not fearing from it any harme ;
 But now it stings that breast that made it warme.

E 3

4. What

4.

What cursed weed's this Love ! but one grain sow
 And the whole field t'will over-grow ;
 Strait will it choak up and devour
 Each wholesome herbe and beaut^{cous} flowre !
 Nay unlesse something soon I doe,
 T'will kill I fear, my very Lawrell too.

5.

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,
 Declare, protest, and threat in vain.
 Since by my owne unforc't consent
 The Traitor has my Government ,
 And is so setled in th^e Throne ,
 That t'were Rebellion now to claim mine owne.

The Frailty.

I.

I Know 'tis sordid, and 'tis low ;
 (All this as well as you I know)
 Which I so hotly now pursue ;
 I know all this as well as you)
 But whilst this cursed flesh I bear ,
 And all the Weaknes^s, and the Basenesse there,
 Alas; alas, it will be alwaies so.

2. In

2.

In vain, exceedingly in vain
 I rage sometimes, and bite my Chaine ;
 For to what purpose do I bite
 With Teeth, which nere will break it quite ?
 For if the chiefest Christian Head
 Was by this sturdy Tyrant buffeted ,
 What wonder is it, if weak I be slain ?

3.

As when the Sun appears,
 The Morning Thicknesse clears ;
 So, when my thoughts let sadnesse in,
 And a new Morning does begin ,
 If any Beauties piercing ray
 Strike through my Trembling Eyes a suddain day ;
 All those grave sullen Vapours melt in Tears.

Coldnesse.

I.

AS water fluid is, till it do grow
 Solid and fixt by Cold ;
 So in warm Seasons Love does loosely flow,
 Frost only can it hold.
A Womans rigour and disdain
 Does his swift course restrain.

E 4

2. Thought

2.

Though constant, and consistent now it b: ,

Yct when kind beams appear,
It melts and glides apace into the Sea ,

And loses it selfe there.
So the Suns amorous play
Kisses the Ice away.

3.

You may in Vulgar Loves find alwaies this ;

But my Subftantiall Love
Of a more firm and perfect Nature is ;

No weathers can it move :
Though heat dissolve the Ice again,
The Christall solid does remain.

The Injoyment.

i.

T Hen like fome wealthy Island thou shalt !ye ;

And like the Sea about it, I ;
Thou like fair Albion to the Sailors Sight
Spreading her beauteous Bosome all in White :

Like the kind Ocean I will be
With loving Armes for ever clasping Thee.

2. But

2.

But Ile embrace Thee gentlier farre then so ;
As their fresh Banks soft Rivers do,
Nor shall the proudest Planet boast a power
Of making my full Love to ebbe one houre ;
It never dry nor low can prove,
Whilst thy unwasted Fountain feeds my Love.

3.

Such Heat and Vigour shall our Kisses bear,
As if like Doves wee'engendred there.
No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure,
In Love there's none too much an Epicure.
Nought shall my Hands or Lips controule ;
I'le kisse Thee through, I'le kisse thy very Soule.

4.

Yet nothing but the Night our sports shall know ;
Night that's both blinde and silent too.
Alpheus found not a more secret trace —
His lov'd Sicanian Fountain to embrace,
Creeping beneath the Ægæan Sea,
Then I will doe t'enjoy, and feast on Thee.

5.

Men, out of Wisdome, Women, out of Pride ,
The pleasant Thefts of Love do hide.
That may secure thee, but thou hast yet from Mee
A more infallible Security.

For

For there's no danger I should tell
The Joyes, which are to me unspeakable.

Sleep.

1.

IN vain, thou drowsy God, I thee invoke ;
For thou who dost from fumes arise,
Thou who Mans Soule dost over-shade
With a thick Cloud, by Vapours made,
Canst have no power to shut his eyes,
Or passage of his Spirits to choak,
Whose flam's so pure that it sends up no smoak.

2.

Yet how do Tears but from some Vapours rise ?
Tears that bewilter all my Year ?
The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of Rain,
From Clouds within the Head appear,
But all my too much Moysture owe
To overflowings of the Heart below.

3.

Thou who dost Men (as Nights to Colours doe),
Bring all to an Equality :
Come thou just God, and equall me
A while to my disdainfull Shee ;

In

In that condition let me ly ;
 Till Love does the same favour shew ;
 Love equalls all a better way then You.

4.

Then never more shalt thou be invoakt by me ;
 Watchfull as Spirits, and Gods I'le prove :
 Let her but grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy Kinsman Death defie.
 For betwixt Thee and them that love,
 Never will an agreement be ;
 Thou scorn'ſt the Unhappy, and the Happy Thee.

Beauty.

1.

Beauty thou wilde fantastick Ape,
 Who dost in every Country change thy shape !
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white ;
 Thou Flatt'rer which complyest with every sight !
 Thou Babel, which confounds the Eye ,
 With unintelligible variety !
 Who hast no certain when, nor where,
 But vary'ſt still, and dost thy ſelfe declare
 Inconstant, as thy ſtie-Poſſeffours are.

2. *Beauty,*

2.

Beauty Loves Scene and Maskerade,
 So gay by well-plac'd Lights, and Distance made !
 False Coyn, with which th'Imposture cheats us still ;
 The stamp and Colour good, but Mettall ill !

Whic'a Light or Base we find when we
 Weigh by enjoyment and examine Thee !

For though thy Being be but show,
 'Tis chiefly Night which men to Thee allow :
 And choose t'enjoy Thee, when Thou least art Thee.

3.

Beauty, Thou Active, Passive Ill !
 Which dy'st thy selfe as fast as thou dost kill !
 Thou Tulip, who thy stock in paint dost waft,
 Neither for Physick good, nor Smell, nor Taft.

Beauty whose Flames but Meteors are,
 Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a Starre,
 Who dar'st not thine owne Home descry,
 Pretending to dwell richly in the Eye,
 When thou, alas, dost in the Fancy lye.

4.

Beauty, whose Conquests still are made
 O're Hearts by Cowards kept, or else betray'd !
 Weak Victor ! who thy selfe destroy'd must be
 When ficknesse storms, or Time besieges Thee !

Thou'unwholsome Thaw to frozen Age ?
 Thou strong Wine, which youths Feaver dost enrage,
 Thou

Thou Tyrant which leav'ſt no man free !
 Thou subtle thief, from whom none ſafe can be !
 Thou Murth'rer which haſt kill'd, and Devill which
 (wouldſt) Damn me.

The Parting.

1.

AS Men in Groen-land left beheld the Sunne
 From their Horizon run ;
 And thought upon the ſad halfe year
 Of Cold and Darkneſſe they muſt ſuffer there.

2.

So on my parting Mistrefſe did I look ,
 With ſuſh swollen eyes my farewell took ;
 Ah, my fair Starre, ſaid I ,
 Ah thoſe bleſt Lands to which bright Thou doſt flye ?

3.

In vain the Men of Learning comfort mee ;
 And ſay I me in a warme degree ;
 Say what they please; I ſay and ſwear
 'Tis beyond eighty at leaſt, if you'r not here.

4. It

4.

It is, it is; I tremble with the Frost,
 And know that I the Day have lost ;
 And those wild things which Men they call,
 I find to be but Bears and Foxes all.

5.

Retume, returne, gay Planet of the East ,
 Of all that shines Thou much the best !
 And as thou now descends to Sea ;
 More fair and frely rise up from thence to Mee.

6.

Thou, who in many a Prop'riety
 So truly art the Sun to Mee ,
 Adde one more likenesse, which I'me sure you can ,
 And let Mee and my Sunshine beget a Man.

My Picture.

I.

HEre, take my likenesse with you, whilst 'tis so ;
 For when from hence you go ,
 The next Suns rising will behold
 Me pale, and lean, and old.
 The Man, who did this Picture draw ,
 Will swear next day my face he never saw

2. I

2.

I really beleeve, within a while,
 If you upon this shadow smile,
 Your presence will such vigour give,
 (Your presence which makes all things live)
 And absence so much alter Mee,
 This will the substance, I the shadow be.

3.

When from your well-wrought Cabinet you take it,
 And your bright looks awake it ;
 Ah be not frighted, if you see
 The new sould Picture gaze on Thee,
 And hear it breath a sigh or two ;
 For those are the first things that it will doe.

4.

My Rivall Image will be then thought blest,
 And laugh at me as dispossessit :
 But Thou, who(if I know thee right)
 I'th substance doth not much delight,
 Wilt rather send again for Mee,
 Who then shalt but my Pictures Picture be,

The

The Concealment.

I.

NO; to what purpose should I speak ?
 No wretched Heart, swell till you break !
 She cannot love me if She would ;
 And to say truth, 'twere pitty that she should.
 No, to the Grave thy sorrows bear ,
 As silent as they will be there;
 Since that lov'd hand this Mortall wound do's give,
 So handisomely the thing contrive,
 That she may guiltleffe of it live.
 So perish, that her killing Thee
 May a chance Medley, and no Murther be.

2.

'Tis nobler much for me that I
 By'her Beauty, not her Anger dye ;
 This will look justly, and become
 An Execution, that, a Martyrdome.
 The censuring World will ne're refraine
 From judging men by Thunder slaine.
 She must be angry sure, if I should be
 So bold to ask her to make me
 By being hers, happier then she
 I will not; 'tis a milder Fate
 To fall by her not Loving, then her Hate.

And

THE MISTRES.

77

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear :
When, found in every other part,
Her Sacrifice is found without an Heart.
For the last Tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too with my breath,
Then shall the world my noble ruine see,
Some pitty, and some envy Mee ,
Then She her selfe, the mighty Shee
Shall grace my fun'ralls with this truth ;
'Twas only Love destroy'd the gentle Youth.

The Monopoly.

1.

WHAT Mines of Sulphur in my breast do lye,
That feed th'eternall burnings of my heart ?
Not Ætna flames more fierce or constantly,
The sounding shop of Vulcans smoky art ;
Vulcan his shop has placed there ,
And Cupids Forge is set up here.

2.

Here all those Arrowes mortall Heads are made,
That flye so thick unseen through yeelding aire ;
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade
Are Jealousie, Fear, Sadneffe, and Despair.

Ah cruel God ! and why to mee
Gave you this curst Monopoly !

F

3.I

THE MISTRES.

3.

I have the trouble not the gains of it;
 Give me but the disposall of one Dart;
 And then (I'le ask no other benefit)
 Heat as you please your furnace in my Heart,
 So sweet's Revenge to me, that I
 Upon my foe would gladly dye,

4.

Deep into her bosome would I strike the dart;
 Deeper then Woman ère was struck by Thee;
 Thou giv' st them small wounds, & so farre from th'Heart,
 They flutter still about incónstantly.

Curse on thy Goodnesse, whom we find
 Civill to none but Woman-kind!

5.

Vain God! who women döst thy selfe ad ore!
 Their wounded Hearts do still retain the powers
 To travail and to wander as before;
 Thy broken Arrows 'twixt that Sex and ours
 So unjustly are distributed;
 They take their Feathers, we the Head.

The

The distance.

I.

I'Have followed thee a year at least,
And never stopt my selfe to rest.
But yet can thee o'retake no more,
Then this Day can the Day that went before.

2.

In this our fortunes equall prove
To Starres which govern them above ;
Our Starres that move for ever round
With the same Distance still betwixt them found.

3.

In vain, alas, in vain I strive
The wheele of Fate faster to drive ;
Since if round swiftlier it flye,
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

4.

Hearts by Love strangely shufled are ,
That there can never meet a Pare !
Tamerlier then Wormes are Lovers slaine ;
The wounded Heart ne're turnes to wound again.

F 2

The

The Encrease.

I.

I Thought I'le fwear I could have lov'd no more
 Then I had done before ;
 But you as easily might account
 'Till to the topp of numbers you amount ,
 As cast up my Loves score.
 Ten thousand millions was the summe ;
 Millions of endlesse Millions are to come.

2.

I'me sure her Beauties cannot greater grow ;
 Why should my Love do so ?
 A reall cause at first did move ;
 But mine owne Fancy now drives on my Love ,
 With shadowes from it self that flow .
 My Love, as we in Numbers see ,
 By Cyphers is encreast eternally.

3.

So the new made, and untride Sphears above
 Took their first turne from th'hand of Jove ;
 But are since that beginning found
 By their owne Formes to turne for ever round.

All violent Motions short do prove,
But by the length 'tis plain to see
That Love's a Motion Naturall to Mee.

Loves Visibility.

I.

With much of pain, and all the Art I knew
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To hide my Love, and yet all will not doe.

2.

The world perceives it, and, it maybe, she ;
Though so discreet and good she be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to Mee.

3.

Men without Love have so oft cunning grown,
That something like it they have shewn;
But none that had it ever seem'd to have none.

4.

Loves of a strangely open, simple kind,
Can no arts or disguises find,
But thinks none sees it, cause it selfe is blind.

F 3

5. The

5.

The very Eye betraies our inward smart ;
 Love of himselfe left there a part ,
 When through it he past into the Heart .

6.

Or if by chance the face betray not it ,
 But keep the secret wisely , yet ,
 Like Drunkennesse , into the Tongue t'will get .

*Looking on , and discoursing with
his Mistris .*

1.

These full two howers now have I gazing been ,
 What comfort by it can I gain ?
 To look on Heaven with mighty Gulfs between
 Was the great Misers greatest pain :
 So neere was he to Heavens delight ,
 As with the blest converse he might ,
 Yet could not get one drop of water by't .

Ah

2.

Ah wretch: I seem to touch her now; but, oh,
 What boundlesse spaces do us part?
 Fortune, and Friends, and all earths empty show,
 My Lownesse, and her high Desert:
 But these might conquerable prove:
 Nothing does me so farre remove,
 As her hard Soules aversion from my Love.

3.

So Travellers that lose their way by Night,
 If from a farre they chance t'esp'y
 Th'uncertain glimmerings of a Tapers light,
 Take flatterring hopes and think it nigh;
 Till wearied with the fruitlesse pain,
¹⁵⁰ They sit them down, and weep in vain,
 And there in Darknesse and Despair remain.

Resolved to Love.

I.

I Wonder what the Grave and Wise
 Think of all us that Love;
 Whether our pretty Fooleries
 Their Mirth or Anger move;
 They understand not Breath, that Words do want;
 Our Sighes to them are unsignificant.

2.

One of them saw me th'other day,
 Touch the dear hand which I admire;
 My Soule was melting strait away,
 And dropt before the Fire.
 This silly Wiseman, who pretends to know,
 Ask't why I look'd so pale, and trembled so?

3.

Another from my Mistress. dore.
 Saw mee with eyes all watry come;
 Nor could the hidden cause explore,
 But thought some smoak was in the room;
 Such Ignorance from unwounded Learning came;
 He knew Tears made by Smoak, but not by Flanie.

4.

If learn'd in other things you be,
 And have in Love no skil,
 For Gods sake keep your arts from mee,
 For I'le be ignorant still.
 Study or Action others may embrace;
 My Love's my Businesse, and my Books her Face.

5.

These are but trifles I confess,
 Which mee, weak Mortall, move;
 Nor is your basie Seriousnesse
 Lesse trifling then my Love.

The

The wifest King who from his sacred brest
Pronounc'd all Vanity, chose it for the best.

My Fate.

1.

O bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
To which with trembling reve'rence it does bend ;
Go bid the Stones a journey upward make ;
Go bid th'ambitious Flame no more t'ascend :
And when these false to their old Mctions prove,
Then shall I cease Thee, Thee alone to Love.

2.

The fast-link'd Chain of everlasting Fate
Does nothing ty more strong, then Mee to You ;
My fixt Love hangs not on your Love or Hate ;
But will be still the same, what ere you doe.
You cannot kill my Love with your disdain,
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

3.

Mee, mine examples let the Stoiks use ,
Their sad and cruell doctrine to maintain,
Let all Predestinators me produce ,
Who struggle with eternall bonds in vain.
This Fire I'me born to, but 'tis she must tell ,
Whether 'c be beams of Heaven, or Flames of Hell.

4. You

4.

You who mens fortunes in their faces read,
 To find out mine, look not, alas, on Mee ;
 But mark her Face, and all the Features heed ;
 For only there is writ my Destiny.
 Or if Starres shew it, gaze not on the skies :
 But study the Astrol'ogy of her Eyes.

5.

If thou find therē kind and propitious waiēs,
 What Mars or Saturn threaten I'le not fear ;
 I well believe the Fate of mortall daisies
 Is writ in Heaven; but, oh, my Heaven is there.
 What can men learn from Starres, they scarce can see ?
 Two great Lights rule the World, and her two, Me.

The Heart-breaking.

IT gave a pittious groan, and so it broke ;
 In vain it something would have spoke :
 The Love within too strong for't was,
 Like Poison put into a Venice Glasse.

2. I

2.

I thought that this some Remedy might prove,
But, oh, the mighty Serpent Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

3.

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feeles the whole pain of all my Heart :
And every smallest corner still
Lives with that torment which the Whole did kill.

4.

Even so rude Armies when the field they quit,
And into severall Quarters get ;
Each Troop does spoile and ruine more,
Then all joyn'd in one body did before.

5.

How many Loves raigne in my bosome now ?
How many Loves, yet all of you ?
Thus have I chang'd with evill fate
My Monarch Lov., into a Tyrant State.

Tbo

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Tbo

The Vsurpation.

1.

THOU hadst to my Soule no title or pretence ;
I was mine owne and free ,
Till I had given my selfe to Thee ;
But thou hast me Slave and Prisoner since .
Well , since so insolent thou'rt grown ,
Fond Tyrant , I'le depose thee from thy Throne ;
Such outrages must not admitted be
In an Elective Monarchy .

2.

Part of my Heart by Gift did to Thee fall ;
My Country , Kindred , and my best
Acquaintance were to share the rest ;
But thou , their Covetous Neighbour , drav'ſt out all :
Nay more , thou mak'ſt me worship Thee ,
And wouldſt the rule of my Religion be :
Was ever Tyrant claim'd ſuch power as you ,
To be both Emp'rour , and Pope too ?

3.

The publick Mife'ries , and my private fate
Deserve ſome tears : but greedy Thou
Inſatiate Maid !)wilt not allow

That

THE MISTRES.

89

That I one drop from thee should alienate.

Nor wilt thou grant my sinnes a part,
Though the sole cause of most of them thou'rt,
Counting my Tears thy Tribute and thy Due,
Since first mine Eyes I gave to You

4.

Thou all my Joyes, and all my Hopes dost claim,

Thou rageſt like a Fire in me,

Converting all things into Thee;

Nought can resist, or not encrease the Flame.

Nay every Grief, and every Fear

Thou dost devour, unleſſe thy stamp it bear.

Thy presence like the crowned Bafilisks breath,

All other Serpents puts to death.

5.

As men in Hell are from Diseases free,

So from all other ills am I;

Free from their known Formality.

But all pains eminently lye in Thee.

Alas, alas, I hope in vain

My conquer'd Soul from out thine hands to gain,

Since all the Natives there thou'ſt overthrown,

And planted Garrisons of thine own.

Maidenbead.

Maidenhead.

I.

T'Hou worst Estate even of the sex that's worst ;
 Therefore by Nature made at first,
 T'attend the weaknesse of our birth !
 Slight, outward Curtain to the Nuptiall Bed !
 Thou Case to buildings not yet finished !
 Who like the Center of the Earth ,
 Dost heaviest things attract to thee ,
 Though Thou a point imaginary be.

2.

A thing God thought for Man-kind so unfit ,
 That his first blessing ruin'd it.
 Cold frozen Nurse of fiercest fires !
 Who, like the parched plains of Africks sand ,
 (A sterill, and a wild unlovely Land)
 Art alwaies scorcht with hot desires ,
 Yet barren quite didst thou not bring
 Monsters and Serpents forth thy selfe to sting !

3.

Thou that bewitchest men, whilst thou dost dwell
 Like a close Conjurer in his Cell!
 And fear'st she daies discovering Eye !
 No wonder then at all that thou shouldst be

Such

Such tedious and unpleasant company,

Who liv'st so Melancholy!

Thou thing of subtle, slippery kind,
Which Women lose, and yet no Man can find !

4.

Although I think thou never found wilt be,

Yet I me resolv'd to search for thee;

The search it selfe rewards the pains,
So, though the Chymick his great secret misse,
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)

Yet things well worth his toyle he gains :

And does his Charge and Labour richly pay
With good unsought exper'iments by the way.

5.

Say what thou wilt, Chasfity is no more,

Thee, then a Porter is his Dore:

In vain to honour they pretend

Who guard themselves with Ramparts and with Walls,
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls

Who can an open breach defend.

Of thy quick losse can be no doubt,
Within so Hated, and so Lov'd without.

The

Impossibilities.

1.

I Mpossibilities? oh no, there's none;
 Could mine bring thy Heart Captive home;
 As easily other dangers were o'rethrown,
 As Cesar after vanquisht Rome,
 His little Asian foes did overcome.

2.

True Lovers oft by Fortune are envy'd,
 Oft Earth and Hell against them strive;
 But Providence engages on their side,
 And a good end at last does give;
 At last Just Men and Lovers alwaies thrive.

3.

As starres(not powerfull else)when they conjoyn,
 Change,as they please, the Worlds estate;
 So thy Heart in Conjunction with mine
 Shall our own fortunes regulate;
 And to the Stars themselves prescribe a Fate.

4.

Twould grieve me much to find some bold Romances
 That should too kind examples shew,

Which

Which before us in wonders did advance ;
 Not, that I thought that story true,
 But none should Fancy more, then I would Doe.

5.

Through spite of our worst Enemies, thy Friends,
 Through Locall Banishment from mee ;
 Through the loud thoughts of selfe-concerning Ends ;
 As easie shall my passage be,
 As was the Am'rous Youth's ore Helles Sea.

6.

In vain the Winds, in vain the Billows roare ;
 In vaine the Starres their aid deni'd :
 He saw the Sestian Tower on th'other shore ;
 Shall th'Hellefpon't our Loves divide ?
 No, not th'Atlantick Oceans boundleffe Tide.

7.

Such Seas betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are ;
 But, gentle Maid, doe not deny
 To let thy Beams shine on me from afarre ;
 And still that Taper let me 'espy :
 For when thy Light goes out, I sinke, and dye.

G

Silence.

Silence.

1.

CUrse on this Tongue that has my Heart betray'd,
 And his great Secret open laid !
 For of all persons chiefly She ,
 Should not the ills I suffer know ;
 Since 'tis a thing might dangerous grow ,
 Only in her to Pitty Me :
 Since 'tis for Me to lose my Life more fit ,
 Then 'tis for her to save and ransome it .

2.

Ah never more shall thy unwilling eare ,
 My helpleſſe ſtory hear .
 Discou're and talk away does keep
 Th' rude unquiet pain ,
 That in my Breſt does raign ;
 Silence perhaps may make it ſleep .
 Ifle bind that Sore up, I did ill reveal ;
 The Wound if once it Close, may chance to Heal .

3.

No, 'twill nere heal; my Love will never dye ,
 Though it ſhould Speechleſſe lyē.
 A River ere it meet the Sea ,
 As well might stay its ſource ,

As

As my Love can his course,
 Unless it joyne and mix with Thee.
 If any end or stop of it be found,
 We know the Flood runs still, though under-ground.

The Dissembler.

1.

Unhurt, untoucht did I complain ;
 And terrifi'd all others with the pain :
 But now I feel the mighty evill ;
 Ah, there's no fooling with the Devill !
 So wanton men,whilst others they would fright,
 Themselves have met a reall Spright.

2.

I thought, I'le swear, an handsome ly
 Had been no sinne at all in Poetry :
 But now I suffer an Arrest
 For words were spoke by me in jest.
 Dul!, sottish God of Love, and can it be
 Thou understand'st not Raillerie ?

3.

Darts, and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat ,
 I nam'd but for the Rhyme,or the Conceit.
 Nor meant my verse shoulde raised be
 To this sad fame of Prophesie ;
 Truth gives a Dull Propriety to my stile,
 And ali the Metaphors does spoile.

G 2

4. Id

4.

In things, where Fancy much does reigne,
Tis dangerous too cunningly to feigne.

The Play at last a Truth does grow,
And Custome into Nature goe.
By this curst art of begging I became
Lame with counterfeiting Lame.

5.

My Lines of amorous desire
I wrot to kindle and blow others fire :
And 'twas a barbarous delight
My Fancy promise'd from the sight ;
But now, by Love, the mighty Phalaris, I
My burning Bull the first doe try.

The Inconstant.

I.

I Never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for mee ;
From fifteene yeares to fifties space
They all victorious bee.
Love thou'rt a Dev'ill ; if I may call thee One,
For sure in Mee thy name is Legion.

2. Colour

2.

Colour, or Shape, good Limbes, or Fate,
 Goodnesse or Wit in all I finde.
 In Motion or in Speech a grace,
 If all faile, yet 'tis Womankind ;
 And I'me so weake, the Pistoll need not bee
 Double or treble charg'd to murther Mee.

3.

If Tall, the Name of Proper slays ;
 If faire, shee's pleasant as the Light ;
 If Low, her Prettinesse does please ;
 If Black, what Lover loves not Night ?
 If yellow hair'd, I Love, lest it should bee
 Th' excuse to others for not loving Mee.

4.

The Fat, like Plenty, fills my heart ;
 The Leane, with Love makes me too so,
 If Streight, her Bodie's Cupids Dart
 To mee, if Crooked, 'tis his Bow.
 Nay Age it selfe does mee to rage encline,
 And strength to Women gives, as well as Wine.

5.

Just halfe as large as Charitie
 My richly-landed Love's become ;

And judg'd aright is Constancy,
 Though it take up a larger roome:
 Him, who loves alwaies one, why should they call
 More Constant, then the Man loves Alwaies All?

6.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
 Through all Loves Gardens and his Fields;
 And, like the wise industrious Bee,
 No Weed, but Honey to me yields!
 Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,
 Though I return not home with laden Thighes.

7.

My Soule at first instead did prove
 Of pretty strength against a Dart,
 Till I this Habit got of Love;
 But my consum'd and wasted Heart
 Once burnt to Tinder with a strong Desire,
 Since that by every Spark is set on Fire.

The Constant.

I.

Great, and wise Conqueror, who where ere
 Thou com'st, dost fortifie, and settle there!
 Who cavst defend as well as get;

And

THE MISTRES.

99

And never hadst one Quarter beat up yet ;
Now thou art in, Thou nere wilt part
With one inch of my vanquisht Heart :
For since thou took'st it by assault from Mee,
'Tis garrison'd so strong with thoughts of Thee,
It fears no beauteous Enemie.

2.

Had thy charming strength been leſſe,
I had serv'd ere this an hundred Mistresses.
I'me better thus, and would compound
To leave my Pris'on to be a Vagabound.
A Pris'on in which I still would be,
Though every dore stood ope to Mee,
In spight both of thy Coldnesse and thy Pride,
All Love is Marriage on thy Lovers fide,
For only Death can them divide.

3.

Close Narrow Chain, yet soft and kind,
As that which Spir'its above to good does bind !
Gentle and sweet Necesſitie,
Which does not force, but guide our Libertie !
Your Love on Me were spent in vain,
Since my Love still could but remain
Just, as it is; for what alas can be
Added to that which hath Infinitie
Both in Extent and Qualitie.

G 4

Btr

Her Name.

1.

With more then Iewish Reverence as yet
 Doe I the Sacred Name conceal ;
 When, yee kind Starres, ah when will it bee fit
 His Gentle Myst'ry to reveal ?
 When will our Love bee Nam'd, and we possesse
 That Christning as a Badge of Happinesse ?

2.

Soe bold as yet no verse of mine has been
 To weare that Gemme on any Line ;
 Nor, till the happy Nuptiall Muse be seen,
 Shall any Stanza with it shine.
 Rest mighty Name, till then ; for thou must bee
 Laid downe by H:r, e're taken up by Mee.

3.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring ;
 Then Echoes burden it shall bee ;
 Then all the Birds in severall notes shall sing,
 And all the Rivers murmur Thee ;
 Then ever'y wind the Sound shall upwards beeare,
 And softly whisper't to some Angells Eare.

4. Then

4.

Then shall thy Name through all my Verse bee spread,
 Thick as the flowers in Meadows ly,
 And, when in future times they shall bee read,
 (As sure, I thinke, they will not dy)
 If any Critick doubt that they be mine,
 Men by that Stampe shall quickly know the Coine.

5.

Meane while I will not dare to make a Name
 To represent thee by,
 Adam (Gods Nomenclator) could not frame
 One that enough should signify.
 Astræa' or Cælia as unfit would prove
 For Thee, as 'tis to call the Di'ety Jove.

Weeping.

1.

SEE where she fits, and in what comely wise
 Drops Teares more faire then others Eyes :
 Ah, charming Maid, let not ill Fortune see
 Th' attire thy sorrow weares,
 Nor know the beauty of thy Teares ;
 For she'l still come to dresse her selfe in Thee.

2. A

2.

As starres reflect on waters, so I spye
 In every drop (me thinks her Eye.
 The Baby, which lies there, and alwaies playes
 In that illustrious sphear,
 Like a Narcissus does appear,
 Whilst in his flood the lovely Boy did gaze.

3.

Nere yet did I behold so glorious weather ,
 As this Sun-shine and Rain together.
 Pray Heaven her Forehead, that pure Hill of Snow
 (For some such Fountain we must find
 To waters of so fair a kind)
 Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below.

4.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were inward Heat
 Which made this pretious Lymbeck sweat !
 But what, alas, ah what does it avail
 That she weeps Tears so wondrous cold
 As scarce the Asses hoof can hold,
 So cold, that I admire they fall not Haile.

Discretion.

Discretion.

1.

Discreet? what means this word Discreet?
A Curse on all Discretion!
This barbarous term you will not meet
In all Loves Lexicon.

2.

Joynture, Portion, Gold, Estate,
Houses, Household-stuffe, or Land,
(The Low Conveniences of Fate)
Are Greek no Lovers understand.

3.

Believe me, beauteous one, when Love
Enters into a brest,
The two first things it doth remove,
Are Friends and Interest.

4.

Passion's halfe blind, nor can endure
The carefull, scrup'lous Eyes,
Or else I could not love, I'me sure,
One who in Love were wise.

5. Men

5.

Men, in such tempests toss'd about,
 Will without griefe or paine,
 Cast all their goods and riches out,
 Themselves their Port to gaine.

6.

As well might Martyrs, who doe choose
 That sacred Death to take,
 More for the Clothes, which they must loose,
 When they're bound naked to the Stake.

The Wayting-Maide.

(Suspected to Love her.)

1.

T'Hy Mayd? ah, find some nobler theme
 Wheron thy doubts to place;
 Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
 The glories of thy face.

2.

Alas, she makes Thee shine so faire,
 So exquisitely bright,
 That her dimme Lamp must disapeare
 Before thy potent Light.

3. Thee

3.

Three hours each morne in dressing Thee
Malitiously are spent ;
And make that Beauty Tyranny,
That's else a Civill Government.

4.

The'adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill ;
'Tis like the poys'ning of a Dart
Too apt before to kill.

5.

The Min'istring Angells none can see ;
'Tis not their beauty or face,
For which by men thy worshipt be ;
But their high office and their place.
Thou art my Goddesse, my Saint, Shee ;
I pray to Her, onely to pray to Thee.

Connell.

Councell.

I.

AH ! what advice can I receive ?
No, satisfie me first ;
For who would Physsick potions give
To one that dies with Thirst ?

2.

A little puffe of breath we find
Small fires can quench and kill,
But when they're great, the adverse wind,
Does make them greater still.

3.

Now whilst you speak, it moves me much ;
But strait I'me just the same ;
Alas th'effect must needs be such
Of Cutting through a Flame.

The

The Cure.

I.

Come, Doctor, use thy roughest art
 Thou canst not cruell prove ;
 Cut, burne, and Torture every part,
 To heal me of my Love.

2.

There is no danger if the pain
 Should me to a Feaver bring ;
 Compar'd with Heats I now sustain ,
 A Feavour is so Cool a thing,
 (Like drink which feaverish men desire)
 That I should hope 'twould almost quench my Fire.

The separation.

I.

A Ske me not what my Love shall doe or be
 (Love which is Soule to Body, and Soule of Me)
 When I am sepa'rated from thee ;
 Alas I might as easily shew ,

What

What after Death the Soule will doe ;
 'Twill last, I'me sure, and that is all we know.

2.

The thing call'd soule will never stirre nor move,
 But all that while a livelesse Carkasse prove,
 For 'tis the Body of my Love ;
 Not that my Love will fly away,
 But still continue, as, they say,
 Sad troubled Ghosts about their Graves doe stray.

The Tree.

I.

I Close the flour'ishingst Tree in all the Parke,
 With freshest Bougs and fairest head ;
 I cut my Love into his gentle Barke,
 And in three dayes, behold, 'tis dead ?
 My very written Flames so vi'olent be,
 They'have burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

2:

How should I live my selfe, whose Heart is found,
 Deeply graven every where
 With the large History of many a wound,
 Larger then thy Trunke can beare ?

With

With art as strange, as Homer in the Nut,
Love in my Heart has Volumes put.

3.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take
The Leaves and Beauties all ?
As a strong Pois'on with one drop does make
The Nailes and Haires to fa'l :
Love (I see now) a kind of Witchcraft is,
For Characters could nere doe this.

4.

Pardon yee Birds and Nymphes who lov'd this Shade ;
And pardon mee, thou gentle Tree ;
I thought her name would thee have happy made,
And blessed Omens hop'd from Thee ;
Notes of my Love, thrive here (said I) and grow ;
And with yee let my Love doe so.

5.

Alas poore youth, thy love will never thrive !
This blasted Tree predestines it ;
Goe tie the dismal Knot (why shouldst thou live ?
And by the Lines thou there hast writ
Deform'dly hanging, the sad Picture bee
To that unlucky Historie.

*H**Her*

Her Vnbeliefe.

I.

Tis a strange kinde of Ignorance this in you !
 That you your Victories should not spy,
 Victories gotten by your Eye ?
 That your bright beames, as those of Comets doe,
 Should kill, but not know How, nor Who.

2.

That truly you my Idoll might appeare,
 Whilſt all the People ſmell and ſee
 The odorous flames, I offer thee,
 Thou ſitſt, and doeft not ſee, nor ſmell, nor heare
 Thy conſtant zealous worſhipper.

3.

They ſee't too well who at my fires repine ;
 Nay th'unconcern'd themſelves doe prove
 Quick-Ey'd enough to ſpy my Love ;
 Nor does the Caufe in thy Face clearelier ſhine,
 Then the Effect appears in mine.

4. Fa

4.

Faire Infidell! by what unjust decree
 Must I, who with such restleffe care
 Would make this truth to thee appear,
 Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, bee
 Damn'd by thy incredulitie?

2.

I by thy Vnbeliefe am guyldeſſe slaine;
 Oh have but Faith, and then that you
 May know that Faith for to be true,
 It ſhall it ſelue by a Miracle maingaine,
 And raife mee from the Dead againe.

3.

Meane while my Hopes may ſeem to be oerthrowne;
 But Lovers Hopes are full of Art,
 And thus diſpute, that ſince my Heart
 Though in thy Breſt, yet is not by thee knowne;
 Perhaps thou mayſt not know thine Owne,

H 2 Love

Love given over.

I.

IT is enough ; enough of time, and paine
 Hast thou consum'd in vaine ;
 Leave, wretched Cowley, leave
 Thy selfe with shadowes to deceave ;
 Think that already lost which thou must never gaine.

2.

Three of thy lustiest and freshest yeares,
 (Post in stormes of Hopes and Feares)
 Like helpleffe Ships that bee
 Set on fire 'ith midft o'the Sea,
 Have all been burnt in Love, & all been drown'd in Teares

I.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art
 Free thy unlucky Heart ;
 Since Fate does disapprove
 Th' ambition of thy Love,
 And not one Starre in heav'en offers to take thy part.

4. II

4.

Here I cleare my Heart from this d'sire,
If ere it home to his brest retire,
It nere shall wander more about,
Though thousand beauties call'd it out:
A Lover Burnt like mee for ever dreads the fire.

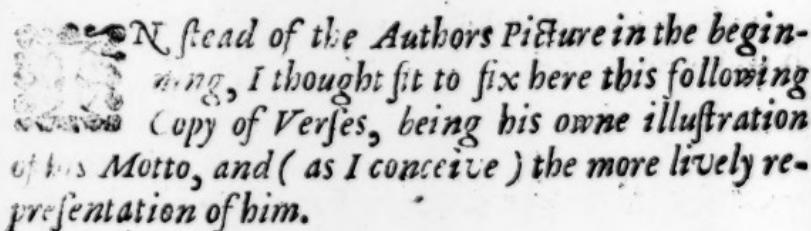
5.

The Poet, the Plague, and every small disease,
May come as oft as ill Fate please;
But Death and Love are never found
To give a Second Wound,
Wee're by those Serpents bit, but wee'redevour'd by these.

6.

Alas, what comfort ist' that I am growne
Secure of be'ing againe crethrowne;
Since such an Enemy needs not feare
Least any else should quarter there, (Towne.
Who has not onely Sack't, but quite burnt downe the

TO THE READER.

N stead of the Authors Picture in the beginning, I thought fit to fix here this following Copy of Verses, being his owne illustration of his Motto, and (as I conceive) the more lively representation of him.

*Tentanda vita est qua me quoque possim
Tollere humor ictorq; virum volitare per ora.*

WHat shall I do to be for ever knowne,
And make the Age to come my owne ?
I shall like Beasts or Common people dy,
Unless you write mine Elegy ;
While others great by being borne are growne ;
Their Mothers Labour not their owne.
In this Scale Gold, in th' other Fame does ly ;
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are fortunes Jewells, moulded bright ;
Brought forth with their owne fire and light.
If I, her vulgar stone, for either looke ;
Out of my selfe it must be strooke.
Yet I must on ; what sound ill strikes mine eare ?
Sure I Fames Trumpet heare.

It sounds like the last Trumpet ; for it can
Raise up the buried Man.

Unpast Alps stop mee, bat I'le cut through all ;
And march, the Muses Hanniball.

Hence all ye flattering Vanities that lay
Nets of Roses in the way.

Hence the desire of Honours or Estates ;
And all, that is not above Fate.

Hence Love himselfe, that Tyrant of my dayes,
Which intercepts my coming Praise.

Come my best Friends, my Bookes, and lead me on ;
'Tis time that I were gone.

Welcome great Stagirite, and teach me now
All I was borne to know.

Thy Schollers Vict'ries thou doest farre out-doe ;
He conquered th'Earrh, the whole World you.

Welcome learn'd Cicero, whose bl'st Tongue and Wit
Preserves Romies Greatnesse yet.

Thou art the first of Or'atours, onely hee
Who best can prayse thee, next must bee.

Welcome the Mantuan Swan, Virgil the wise ;
Whose Verse walkes highest, but not flies,

Whor brought green Po'esse to her perfect age ;
And mad'it that Art, which was a Rage.

Tell me, yee mighty Three, what shall I doe
To be like one of you ?

But you have climb'd the Mountaines top, there sit
On the calme flourishing head of it,

And whilst with wearied steps we upward goe,
See us, and Clouds below.

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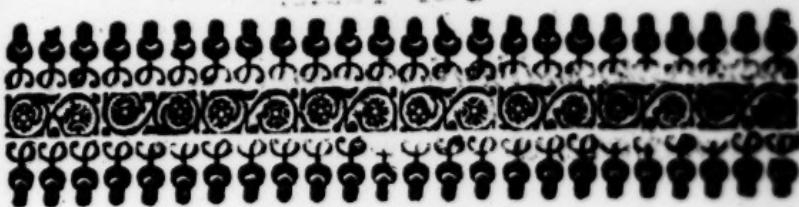
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